

1487.R.25.

THE

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Corrupted;

A

SATIRE

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*Corruptissima Respublica, Plurimae  
Leges. Iac. Ann. —*

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LONDON

Printed for S. Sturton at the Corner of Gutter-lane  
in Cheapside. 1706.

Collected;



SATIRE

Candidissima, Reflexissima, Litteraria  
Praecox, ac, virilis.

London

Printed for S. Stanhope at the Court of Queen's-Bench  
in Cheapside. 1706.

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## P R E F A C E.

**T**HE Business of Satire, taken in the restrain'd Sence of the Word in English, is to lash Vice to the Encouragement of Virtue; And to take Notice of Crimes without breaking in upon Persons, unless in things publickly obnoxious. I say publickly: For tho' it is an Action virtuous to make Examples of Vice, Yet Reputation is too tender a thing to be insulted by Surmise, and Hear-say. These are Preliminaries uncontestable: And 'tis upon this Basis the Poet, Author, Scribler or what you please, pretends to build his Design. Slips of Humane Nature He declares can be out of his Purview: And like that sort of Game, which the Law distinguishes by Feræ Naturæ, incapable of his Action of Treaspass; Because every Man has a like Property in them with him, and he with them. The Reader will believe then, that all sorts of Invectives are not to be allow'd the Title of Satire. Men may rail at an Administration, they cannot get into; and others, the Beaux I mean, defame the Fair, they cannot Debauch; and yet neither they come under the Denomination of Satirists, nor their Works of Satires. There ought to be a Justness of Words, as well as Thoughts. In which Invention, as it is the Opposite of Truth, ought to have no Share. After all; it is not unlikely, that the following Lines may meet with some, and Criticks too, who will oppose their Right to the Title they bear. For tho' I should say in its Defence, That the Action is but throughout and now double; That if it lash particulars, it is only en passante, and as they fall in with the Subject: Yet no particular Virtue being indicated, nor any Precept of Morality dilated on, they will have me to be a little under their Mercy (born little soever it is) and take it for Favour, if they allow it a Satire. Yet if they will grant me the Benefit of my Clergy, and permit me to Rejoin, That Folly and Vice being Scourg'd, and a sort of Persons, who would appear to the World in many Colours, but those that are Properly their own, lash'd and expos'd;

## P R E F A C E.

The following Lines may yet have some Title Tantamount to what they bear, or at worst stand upon the same Post with my too Rigid Criticks. However, I hope those Gentlemen will not deny me the Honour of Designing well; so far at least as their own Sentiments are consistent with Honesty, and then Currat Lex. For I would have no Man think, that in Complaining of its Defects, I mean to arraigne the whole Body of the Law. Far from that: For I am of Opinion, that even Hobbs himself may be read, and his Reader never the nearer agreeing with him on that Topick. Laws are very Excellent things: And Knaves ought justly to stand in Fear of 'em. And yet it may trouble an Honest Man to see the Use inverted; and the Punishment preceed the Merit. As if It took its Sence from that Whimsical Philosopher, who beat his unoffending Servant, for Fear He should not be at Leisure to chaffise Him, when He was Faulty. Nor think, kind Reader, that the Author is so thorough pac'd a Whig to argue against Use from Abuse: Or so compleat a Tory to deduce Vice Versa. If the Law, partly in its self, and much more in the Practice of it, amounts to somewhat like a Nuisance (as a late Treatise not deservedly enough taken Notice of makes plainly out.) It had been an Error of the First Concoction to have slipt an Opportunity, which not only daily Experience, but the Judges themselves had put into my Hands. This very Consideration bad almost postpon'd my Design: For I could not but think it the greatest Satire upon the Law, as it will prove upon the Nation, if their good Hits of those Reverend Gentlemen are not taken. Having therefore a Design of Publishing something of this Nature Monthly, I began as you see; Imagining that the greater the Evil, the spedier ought to be the Redress in Publick Calamities; He surely approves himself the best Commonwealths-Man, who first lends his Hand. A Redress ought to alarm none, but Knaves; of which Roll all ought to be deem'd, who get their Bread by the Oppression of Honest Men. Do we admire the Physician, who tampers with the Body of the Patient to try Conclusions? Or the Surgeon, who improves the Sore of the Cripple for Experiments sake? Less fare should those Men have our Commendation, who pervert the Use of the Law, to the Ruine of the Honest part of the Nation for their particular Advantage. No doubt a Wife and Family are to be maintain'd by the Principles of Christianity and Morality; but in the Methods, that some of

divide him with me and shew it in his stock in the

## P R E F A C E.

the Fraternity of this Noble Science use, I believe the Truth would put it out in Question, that the High way Science were the more justifiable of the Two. It's too true, I am afraid that the like Encouragement for their Discovery, might beggar the Nation; To which I will only Answer, if it were so, it would be only changing the Method: For the Means are more certain one way than another, if not taken care of in time. It was not in the Body of the Poem, either convenient or Poetical, to give more then some few Publick Hints of the Burden the Nation lies under from these Men. But whenever Authority or Opportunity commands; the just and plain Detail will be made out to appear as visible as the Sun in his Meridian. But methinks I see a young Spark, no matter of what Inn, with a grave Front stoll'n by his Breeding Mother, from some of his Essex Kindred, conceal'd in a long Wigg, very happily in Respect to some Modern Defects towards his Middle Region, and arm'd with a Sagacious Cane, elegantly express'd upon his Button, who strutting up to the Bookseller (the Suppository of his Chamber not his Brain) demands the Name of the Pitiful Scribler. No Action I beseech you, my Dear Utilitigator: But for Peace sake accept for Answer, in thy own Future Dialect, it may be Jonny Nokes, or Jonny Stiles. But I need not barr Actions; Since like decoy Ducks, they are generally too Wise to take the Snare, they draw others into: And rarely trouble themselves to Sue, where Costs wont pay Damages. Let them therefore stay till that one Defect of the Law here complain'd of is remedied, and then —— What then? Here are no Names. No particular Persons; unless they can form 'em out of the Consonant Kind, the Ps. and Bs. and so forth.

Naughty People may make Naughty Applications; as Vicious Stomachs turn the best Food to Flegme: But this is no Fault of the Food, but the Constitution. Yet so far I will confess, that if any of those Great Letter'd Gentlemen chance to be guest as meant; they will be found too Great for any Single Letter to Decypher, unless it be that which is hardly dem'd big enough now for the Old Baily. But according to the Laudable Custom of Prefacing, one Word afore we part, as to the Poetry. Why truly the Criticks, its likely, may allow nothing, and therefore I'll say nothing: But throw my self intirely upon the

Mercy

## PREFACE.

Mercy of a Reasonable Jury. Satire was never design'd to please every Body, and those who fall under its Lash least of any. If there be a good Natur'd few, who will bate a great deal for the sake of Truth, and somewhat for the good Intention; They are the Umpires I would Honestly choose to necessitate the Lawyer to plead his own Cause in Forma Pauperis. But if I am deceiv'd even in this Expectation, it will be no Surprise upon me, being certain of this Other, That as long as the Bookseller and I agree; the World and I are like to do otherwise.

Prins

Sixty

TO

Unwillingnesse Vexes ye Countrye in many places  
Where choarre the Pindall seeke ; the Country  
Ridicule the Seeling Crope with bloudy bane.

Thus the RAVV YAN reward for the Nations War.

## TO THE

# QUEEN.

**O** SEED Divinely Heaven's great SOWER sowm  
(And greater never had Great Britain's Throne.)

Thy Peoples well so much thy Princely Care ;  
The meanest of thy People Daring to heare is gloriou  
Who offers Greviance for a Royal Earle,  
The Coyn Reduc'd, One weightier Task remaines  
Reserv'd by Fate for THYSE from former Reings.  
Embrace the Bounty : Since thy Glorie's great ;  
Drop nothing Good to rendre that compleat.  
As Mercy rules, let thy known Justice Ave ;  
And with thy Own Success reform the LAW.  
I judge To Wood, the prudent Gard'ens prouince,  
And useful Lopps make fruitful the Jejune.

Unwholesome *Lakes* by cleansing are made pure,  
 And *Nature*, as she loves, rewards the *Cure*.  
*Weeds* choak the kindli'st *Seed*; 'till careful *Swains*  
 Retrieve the fleeting *Crop* with pious pains.  
 Thus the *RANK LAW*, fram'd for the Nations Weal,  
 Sucking the Vital ~~Juice~~ <sup>It should distil,</sup>  
 Calls for THY Wisdom, certain of THY Will.  
 Since what our *Edward*, or the *Norman* meant  
 Our Blessing, poysons all our blest Content:  
 Like our wise *Alfred* the vast Stock reduce,  
 And make it to its meaning fit for Use.  
*Tribonian* Tricks, now scorn the beaten road;  
 And make the *Gloss* superiour to the *Code*.  
 So coursest *Weeds* choak, while themselves they sow,  
 With fatall plenty *All*, that round 'em grow.  
*Pleadings*, *Reports*, oppress the lab'ring Press,  
 And *Texts* commented on grow fathomless.  
*Cases* are paraphras'd their *Sense* to hide,  
 And where *Five* guess, now *Four* of them are wide.  
 So much the *Gournmen* boast the *Opnick Skill*,  
 They microscribe; or magnify at Will.  
 Old *Littleton*, within his silent Tomb,  
 Sweats, and repines to think the *Text* his own.  
 And *Coke*, bedawb'd with *Cony's* jingling Toung,  
 Scarce keeps the Grave to deprecate the wrong.  
 For why! *Forensick Bessus* holds the *Text*  
 Safest, and most Divine when most perplext.  
 Thence Tropes, and Figures viuate *Oral Hole*,  
 And contraries grow reconcil'd by Rule.

With empty Words the florid Praters jarr ;  
 And Truth and Honesty make open war,  
 The *JUDGE* himself, whose single Sence suspends  
 The wisest Acts, made for the wisest Ends,  
 Stands Planet struck, and lays the blame on *Fate* ;  
 That Errour made the consequence of Prate.  
 Hard state of Justice ! harder state of Right !  
 Compell'd to wander by a vapour Light !  
 He thinks them honest, honest Men think mad,  
 And ends the Verdict with a grave *O Sad !*  
 The guardian *Twelve*, that *Barrier of our Laws*,  
 (And boasted, if the *Law* were plain, with Cause)  
 As much confounded, as the Judge, dispute ;  
 And hunger hardly helps their *Reason* out.

In this Distress can *Stentor's* throat avail :  
 Tho' Thunder like, 'twould turn the strongest *Ale* ?  
 Or does not *Dromo*, while he banters Sence,  
 Reduce the *Pandects* to *Impertinence* ?  
 While furious Scribble, fond of his extream,  
 Allows his *Clients* words to dawb a Ream :  
 Abusive, as if lab'ring to translate  
 His Rules of *Court* from copious *Billingsgate*,  
 (No French Dragoon ecstatick with Succes  
 Hears his desponding Foe, or minds him less.)  
 Why prostitutes the *Court* its sacred Ear :  
 But that the Lawyer pleads Prescription there ?

Or tell me *YOU*, who would our *Plaints* confute,  
 Why is the *Innocent* compell'd to Suit :  
 Forc'd to Defence, a Criminal if Mute?

His

His wealth *He* spends, a *Loofe* and a *Dragde*:  
 Yet hardly moves the pity of his *Judge*.  
 Or pity mov'd, what more can he receive,  
 While hands erect, and Eyes, that strike and greive,  
 Are all the poor affords the *Best* can Give?  
 No! bring your *Action*, says the gracious *Court*:  
 And search *Records*, You find a *Reason* for't.  
 Thus *Trincalo* did Justice in his chair,  
 And one *Heif* stam, Decreed a future *Heir*.  
 But ah! the *Wretch*, that tri'd the Trick before,  
 Would surely dole his Coat er'e venture more.

( And passing it the *Two* were busy, with *Care*)

Mark how *Hell* *Cedes* Images his *Cause*:  
 His *Purse* his wife *Defender*, not the *Laws*.  
 Verdict on *Verdict* nothing cools his *Zeal*,  
 And new *Devises* bring but a fresh *Appeal*.  
 The Reason ask, the *World* will straight reply,  
 The Poor Defendant must compound or die.  
 Revenge is prodigal, inverting *Right*,  
 And Money not exacted is as *Sight*.  
 Urge not the humour, least you move our *Scorn*.  
 Should Impious men Oppress without return?  
 Besides remark; a *Term*, informed by *Hell*,  
 Tipping his *Elbow*, tells him all goes well.  
 Divine *Tigellius*! *Laws* most genuine prop,  
 His *Nations* and *Vassals* eldest hope,  
 Buoy'd with *Law* shams th' *Imperious Cully* up.  
 The *Imperious* only lacks th' infectious breath,  
 And kindly vows the poor *Defendant's* Death.

Thrive must the *Cause*, that thence its strength derives;  
No wheel can turn when fierce *Pigellius* drives.

Sham *Pleas* and odd *Demurres* fly'd in Court,

(For *Gain* will all that's Infamous *Support*)

One miserable *Morality* devour,

And the *fee'd Lawyer* makes the *Rest* secure.

Thus *Pismire*, with less pestilential Pow'rs,

Throw up our walks, and eat off fairest flowers.

Then by *Law Logick* justify the theft,

By what they wanted, more than what they left.

Or if one feeble *Modicum* remains,

The poor *Defendant* thrif; but not his gains:

To *Equity* th' injurious *Plaintiffies*,

And *Equity*, like *Nature*, open lies.

There *Good* and *Bad* implore and have Supp'r.

But there are twenty Friends Besides the *One in Court*.

Why else with new *Petitions* are they

Pester'd, until Essentially opprest?

Why boasts litigious *Patch* with monastic Zeal,

Years three times three I'll make you wait my *Will*?

Methods of *Court* shall keep my *Wife* out

And necessary *Quirks* prop up the *Suit*:

'Till the poor *Wretch*, who's Judge for his *Right*?

In Jail lie's more reward for his *Lawyers* *Wife*,

Motions on *Motions* Ordain'd against reward

(As fair *Anchorites* are for *Law* prepar'd)

Give to the *Clerk* the *Guilty* *Witnesses*,

And on he leave the *Bench* with their *Decrees*.

What boots it the *High* *Heaven* *Heads*?

The Thought of *Heaven* add, to the Darned, *For*

For Grant it true, who could expect a Cure :  
*Physick's* too late the *Corps* was starv'd before ?  
An *Age* in our *Law Lottery* was spent,  
And dam'd the *Sinner*, e're he could repent.  
*Damn'd Him*; for so, alas, our *Laws* provide,  
Because he'd nought, but *Right*, to take *His side*.  
Thence cheated by a *Shooing-horn of Words*,  
The dangling *Corps*, *Memento* scarce affords.  
Have we not seen a *Kitten* with her *Mouse*,  
Wanton, and rioting around the house ?  
*Puss* gives a *loose*, not fearing *loss* of *Prey* ;  
*Clients* are *Mice*, the trusty *Mousers* They.  
All righteous now the good *Mans Cause* appears :  
Yet wait next *Term* the *Verdict* goes on theirs.  
Have *Patience* and the needful *Pence* procure,  
And they'll disgorge all they had got before,  
So says the *Juggler*: but his *Client* finds  
More *certainty* in *Seas*, more *faith* in *Winds*.

JOVE! would'st Thou curse the Land, and make it sure,  
Send our *Law Locusts* to the *Gallick* shoar.  
Send our ill boasted *Code* for them to rend,  
And bid 'em back their Princes pleasure send  
One *Tyger* may be sated : but no room  
Remains to hope, that Thousands wont consume.  
By *Practicie* aw'd, and by their *Interest* brib'd,  
Our C—s themselves must truckle, thus proscrib'd.  
From potent *Secretary* to conclusive *Katch*,  
They safe *dispatch* US giving no *dispatch*.

In vain the Honest JUDGE bestows his Pow'r;  
The Evil's too advanc'd for him to cure.  
Fresh Orders only make the Bar-men sport,  
Who cheat by Rule and plead Prescription for't.

Tell me what Fate, Oh Muse, what Death should be  
A Postscript to the Wise-Man's Litany ?  
Plague, Battle, Murder are already there:  
Yet Lawyers make no Portion of the Pray'r.  
Heav'n, must I have a Foe, and may I Curse,  
Thus would I wish, could Hell it's self wish worse ;  
Let him to Pr— for an Attorney trust,  
And let him sue till P— could be just.  
For Mercy let him B— dispatches wait :  
Or if Alli'd contend with B— hate.  
With W— Infant Judgment be he blest,  
As much a Kn—, and Fool beyond the Rest.  
But let me, Oh ! ye Pow'rs, this Pray'r adyance :  
Defend all honest Men  
From so much Villany, and Ignorance.  
The sly Jackall waits for the Slime of Prey,  
And Batt Ægyptick picks the Teeth, but they,  
Like Death, and Pestilence, sweep all away.  
The easie Clients, dreaming Storms are high,  
To their assistance (vain Asylum ) Flie.  
So Sheep in Bryars seek shelter from the Wind,  
Compel'd to leave Fleece, Skin and all behind.  
Thence bulky B— ( O vile mistake) is drawn,  
Each Execution Term in Coach and four to Town.

Fat are his Beasts like Pharaoh's better Kine,  
 And Fat they'd need to be, who tug at him,  
 The Thrift of *Widows*, and the Vice of *Heirs*,  
 The greater *Brute* their *Masters* food, and *theirs*.

Why name we Singulars ? survey the Isle.

If any noble *Seat*, or venerable *Pile*  
 Obstruct your *Prospect*, or divert your *Eye*,  
 Some latent *Seeds* of *Law* incumbent lie.  
 Not *His* in present, yet corroding Time  
 Prepares the *Seals* for *Him*, if not for *Him*.  
 Search we from *East* to *West*; or *North* to *South* ;  
 Envy acknowledges this fatal Truth.  
 Envy the pow'r of falsehoods self defies ;  
 If in the *North* we circumvolve our Eyes.  
 Scarce shines a Fabrick there, that Grandeur wears ;  
 But what ~~Red~~ Lawyer in Field Argent bears.  
 O Noble *Blazon* ! what could *Satan* mean  
 To place a *Parson* in the *Field* between ?  
 A Sable Honour ill with Argent suits :  
 Take off the *Band* and give the *Apostle* Boots.  
*Jure Divino* then shall stamp their *Bills* :  
 When *Doctors* forge *Aequitances* and *Wills*.  
 What says the *Law* ? 'Tis safely on his side :  
 The *Lawyers* all are made his own, if tri'd.  
 So in a forward Spring, a swarm of Flies,  
 By cursed Seed, the hopefull Crop destroys.  
 O like the *Flies*, Be their untimely *Fate* :  
 Choakt with their *Theft*, or murder'd with their *Weight*.

Perjury and Forgery (Scandal to our Times)  
 Are but the *Laws* and *Lawyers* Venial Crimes;  
 Bought off with half the Bribe, such Fools are they  
 Who, breaking Locks, or on the King's High-way,  
 Serve their harsh Lord the *Dev'l*, for Quarters pay.

But Rogue apart; for 'twere too foul to ask  
 That Majesty assume a Scoundrel Task;  
 A Task scarce fit for those who Scow'r our ways,  
 A Task the, Augean Labourers Disgrace;  
 Let lesser Ills subside, extend *THY Ear*,  
 And let the Goutly Science have thy Care,  
 A Grievance worthy such a *QUEEN* to hear.  
 Lost by its Branches, (as the greedy Sea  
 Sucks, not to Sate it self, whole Rivers dry)  
 The Tale of Nile, is now no Fable made;  
 For no Discoverer can find a Head.  
 To Interest fold the Captains of the Tribe  
 Set up false Lights to lead the Sailor wide.  
 Or Greezy Butcher like, in Essex Loyn,  
 Stuff filthy Clouts to make it large and fine.  
 Science, and its Professors thus deprav'd,  
 Should, for our wants, tho' not their worth be lav'd.  
 Starv'd Orphans here, with lifted Hands Implore,  
 And Heirs, that, tatter'd, beg from door to door.  
 Poor Honesty, poor by defect of Law,  
 With sad Assent awaites *THY* pitious Brow,  
 And thinks, (hard Fate!) till then, her Fate too slow.  
 The gasping Land for Sacrifice design'd,  
 O Thou, alike the Joy of Humane kind,

With *Rome's Lov'd Titus* purge the threatening Sore,  
 And drive our Doves of Locusts from the Shoar.  
 { *Picts, Scots, nor Danes* did yet such Fate afford ;  
 The Pettifogger's Tongue out-does the Sword ;  
 That kindly gives us *Death* the nearest way ;  
 But those excoriate, before they slay,  
 From Limb to Limb they hunt the tortur'd Soul,  
 And leave it nothing, but its Torments whole ;  
 Till for Redrels (*no Sanctuary within*)  
 It begs *French Mercy*, or the *Jesuite Spleen*.  
 { War, Fire, or Pestilence, the worst of three,  
 Less Terrour strike, O Tyrant Law, than Thee.

But how should better Fate Mankind attend,  
 While the Law-Tinker is employ'd to Mend ?  
 Do Knavish States-Men their own Cheats detect ?  
 Or Pensioners get Places by Neglect ?  
 Should Tennants Leaves ? Misers Contracts draw ?  
 Then let the Lawyer scarrifie the Law,  
 He knows the Statute, where 'tis wisely said,  
 No Tradesman can Indent to quit his Trade,  
 And gain his Trade, and Interest all his Aim,  
 Laws callow are his Virtue, not his Shame.  
 Were all like *Hor'ja* blindly Innocent,  
 (For Nature better then his Parents meant)  
 The Land might happy be, its People free ;  
 For Tropick Birds more thoughtful are than He.  
 In wast of Gilded Reams his Shelves are lost,  
 Adorn'd with Cobwebs, or conserv'd in Dust,

We there commis'd his Prudence, and his Paine  
 For who Sow's Barren Ground with kindly Grain ?  
 But *Horsa* to his Gain preferrs his Ease,  
 And only loves the Quarry as it flies.  
 Ah happy *England*! were each goodly Inn  
 Endow'd with such contented Souls as him.  
 Vice, little Practis'd, should to Virtue yield ;  
 And Rooks and Vultures find an empty Field.  
 Deserted Knav'ry should Protection want,  
 And None ask more than Honesty could grant.

Yet some Redress, to THY known Vertue's Just,  
 O ! ALL of humane Goodness hope we must,  
 Such Wounds thy People can no longer bear ;  
 Nor THOU for them, so pious is THY Care.  
 Such Agonies become THEE well to Hear,  
 In THY Affections, neither wanting Place,  
 Both Rich and Poor are Suppliants to THY Grace.

Consult THY ablest Ministers of State,  
 And Thou, O QUEEN, Improve the grand Debater  
 THY own GODOLPHIN ask, whose pious Care  
 Has eas'd, and carry'd on a Glorious War,  
 Extending, with a safe and steady Hand,  
 The shrinking Sinews of a Jealous Land.  
 Ask Him the HOW : He, who the State Retriev'd,  
 Best may be ask'd, and safest be believ'd.

To Him let DONAVERT in Spain join  
 And be in Arts, as well as Arms Divine. M's nobli W's T

Tis

'Tis a State *Hydra*, and will ask for more  
 Than they, or that *Apollo* bore before.  
 Long Coifs and daggled Gowns may all oppose :  
 But what are Those, when found Thy People's Foes ?  
 Minds generous grow not by opposing Weak :  
 Don't Difficulties most the Heroe speak ?  
 The Stable Scour'd, employ'd the Poet's Thought,  
 As much as when the Monster-Killer Fought.

Art *THOU*, or Those, immagr'd in Foreign Care,  
 (And who, but *Atlas*, cou'd sustain the Sphear ?)  
 Or what more Grateful to the Great and Best,  
 Then Raising up the Injur'd and Opprest ?  
 And Royal Wrongs first pierce a Royal Breast.)  
 Yet to thy Glory, and thy People, Kind ;  
 Let Prudent *PEMBROOK* know thy God-like Mind,  
 None sooner to the ill a Remedy will find :  
 Urg'd by his Duty, and his Countries Love,  
 His solid Judgment will the Mists remove.  
 Throw by the Dross ; Refine the subtle Oar,  
 Till like the limpid Fountain it be pure.  
 Double the long'd-for Blessing by dispatch,  
 And *Argus* like the Golden Treasure watch.  
 No Interest, less than Publick, dares intrude  
 A Breast so tender of the Publick Good.  
 A Brain so constituted to Reform,  
 Points Him the Man to weather out the Storm  
 And may we guesst at Fabricks by the Dome,  
 Whom could the Arts prefer ? the Muses whom ?  
 Tis Wisdom's Motto, first to know at Home.

None may preceed. And yet if *HOLT* We join,  
 Who fears a *Code* that's *Secondly Divine*? }  
 The Muse recants, soon as She hears *Him* nam'd;  
 And stands at once *Astonish'd* and *Afham'd.*  
 Such sure was *Coke*, such Pious *Hales*, and *HE* }  
 Stands up, the *Greatest* of the Mighty *Three*, }  
 To prove how *Just*, how *Wise* a *Judge* should be.  
 No *useless Dulness* took *Him* from the *Barr*:  
 Merit, like *Nature's Voice*, said there; *Preferred* }  
 None more than He crafts private purlieus sees:  
 None sees 'em more, nor cares to see 'em less.  
 With Native Courage oft th' impetuous Tide,  
 His Naked Breast has dash't on either side:  
 Taught *Pick-purse Rules* of *Court* to waite on *Right*,  
 And kept the *Honest* always safe in *Sight*.  
 Perhaps Old *Dromo* thence a *Foe* was made; }  
*Dromo*, who to the Use preferr'd the *Trade*. }  
 What matters that? If Fortitude may give }  
 Strength to the Wrong'd, and bid the Injur'd live:  
 But ah! The leaky Vessel who can Guide? }  
 The strongest Arm must truckle to the Tide. }  
 THOU only, half Divine, with Sacred Aw, }  
 Mayst nod, and stop the *Torrent* of the *Law*. }  
 Assist *HIS* great Endeavours to procure }  
 That speedy Issue, which we all implore. }  
 Exert *THY Pow'r*; Outdo the Glorious *MAID*.  
 And call the Nations *Guardians* to thy Aid.

Wise to amend, and eager to Redress; *sq. War and*  
*THY Peoples Choice will seek THY Peoples Peace.* *W.*  
 Strengthen their Fence; and where tis Dark explain:  
 The *Grievance* cure, and yet the *Code* maintain. *H. bNA*  
 What should we fear? Or why distrust our Fame? *S.*  
 Did *Alfred* less, yet *Edward* did the same. *do. qu. abn. 8*  
 Digested well the *Anasarcous Text*: *W. word avorq. o T.*  
 Cast out the Bad, and modell'd the Perplext. *Abba. o M.*  
 They foremost stand in Fames Eternal Roll; *lit. tr. M.*  
 As great our Need, can our Attempt be foul? *m. encl. f.*  
 Few *Laws* are best, say *Roman Statesmen* true; *l. arg. H.*  
 And *Athens* flourish'd in Her happy few: *evant d. W.*  
 But *Rome*, and *Athens*, as the Snow-ball grew, *M. d. H.*  
 Found, to their Cost, ill Fortune did so too. *P. m. qual.*  
 Litigious Brawles, the Brat of Gain, afford *sq. k. bNA*  
 An easy Inroad to a Conquerous Sword. *T. bIO. sq. qd. 8*  
 Far be the Omen — Truth and Native Right,  
 In *THEE*, the Nations Glory and Delight, *sq. m. 20*  
*THY Peoples Guardians* stand: As they stand sworn  
 To make their fair *Maintainer* just Return.  
 Against *THY bold Opponents* to Assert *sq. d. 21*  
 A Right unquestion'd, and an *English Heart*. *o. N. R. T.*  
 O! Bless their willing Duty with thy Care, *on. fly. M.*  
 And End their *Law Destructions* with the War. *sq. A.*  
 Many or few, be all the *Laws* too plain *sq. qd. 21*  
 That Villain Practicers to render vain.  
 Truth then, not Trick, shall ward Almighty Rage;  
 And *THEOU* stand *Queen* and *Prophet* to the Age.

Zeal stopp'd of Old Heav'n's first destroying Storm ;  
When *Phineas* did by speedy Fate Reform.  
*THY* Sacred Hands unstain'd, shall, in this Cure,  
Find his Advantage ; and the Blessings more.

Why shou'd the Muse with Flowing Eyes repeat  
Fresh Evils ? Sure the Catalogue's too great,  
Where Mercy such as *THINE*'s prepar'd to meet.  
Nor ask We Vengeance : All we now implore  
Is, what Wise Surgeons give so rank a Sore.  
Nor can their Numerous Off-spring Merit thought,  
If Use or Danger to the Bar be brought :  
The *Hornet's Nest* is for Destruction sought.  
What tender Sot, with overladen Eyes,  
Beholds the Approaching Fate of Wasps and Flies ?  
Mercy turns Lawyer, when our Hearts become  
Pleaders for Vice : The Crimes too are our own.  
No Man my hate ; Yet should I basely see  
My Country worri'd, and the Currs go free ?  
The meanest Sailor, when he spies a Storm,  
Cries out ; and straight the Master cries, Reform.  
Steddy's the Word : That doubles all their Care.  
Shall we be careless, when our Ruine's near ?  
When Iron rusts, the Workman takes the File :  
For Rust would else corrode the Finest Steel.  
The Rusty Courts no less *THY* Care require,  
If useful made to *THINE* and our Desire.

By Fatal Branches those exhaust our Juice ;  
 Like Suckers in their Nature, Work, and Use.  
 The Fertile Soil adds to their Vicious Store ;  
 And what the Tree should Nourish, makes it Poor.  
 Thus Taylors, Lawyers turn ; and Priests of Gain  
 Mend their own Fate by that of Honest Men.  
 When Law and Right were one , 'twas Time and Care  
 Made Merit first ; and gave at last the Chair.  
 No Beardless Youth, assur'd the Praetors Pow' r,  
 No Hairs, that Venerable Digness wore,  
 Told the Sage Benchers, what they knew before.  
 Hales bit his Thumbs, and read, and bit again,  
 And thought the Honest Knowledge ask'd the Pain,  
 Less Labour had attain'd to the Abuse :  
 But He the Profit sought not, but the Use.  
 Yet now so obvious lies the Oar, so plain ;  
 'Tis the Rich spoil of e'ry Show'r of Rain :  
 Without the Cost of Study Skips attain.  
 Inspir'd like Delphos, to the Tripos rise,  
 And make, Heav'n knows, just such abstruse Decrees.  
 What Issues ? Charge and toil to the Opprest  
 In just Appeals ; that yet Devour the Best.  
 Thence Sacred Gains ( Ambition sole allures )  
 Force us up Foot-pads from our Common Shears.  
 Leave, said a Fidler to his Forward Son,  
 Leave this Profession, thredbare, tho' my own.

Let G - - - play the Antick, and the Knave,  
 By Fidlers Fraud a Competence to save. I mind or fit  
 To Learnings Fountain thou, my Son apply:  
 A readier Road to rise then *Industry*.  
 Short Commons there shall clarify thy Brains;  
 And Leaden Slumbers lead Thee to the Chain:  
 No matter how thy Morning Minutes fly;  
 Nor whether East or West thy Chambers lie.  
 Large Chambers in *Greys-Inn* the want of Sence  
 Supply: Where Science is but Impudence.  
 He there, that knowing is, must seem to know;  
 And prance like Asses, tho' by Nature slow.

Next, Honesty abjure; whose stupid Rule,  
 Must show the Pauper, and comment the Fool.  
 And Gratitude, which, like a Canker Worm,  
 Will Eat thy Heart out, must be next forsworn.  
 For Bracton Search, or all that after came,  
 Thou'l neither find their Nature, Use, or Name.  
 But Piety, so far as meer Pretence,  
 Will well explain thy Study, and thy Sence.  
 'Tis Natur's Blind. By that wise Mistress taught,  
 Men may be Sav'd, and not do what They ought.  
 Statesmen and Cts, tho' full of better Sence,  
 Pretend to this, and thrive by the Pretence.

But of all Plagues, that may our Hopes destroy,  
 Take care to lay that Idol, *Conscience*, by.

Conscience, that never yet its Votary fail'd,  
 First to bring low, and then to leave him jail'd.  
 'Tis Witchcraft ; 'Tis Idolatry, or what  
 Councils have Maranath'd, or forgot. }  
 Survey the World ; Let Practice there explain :  
 Did ever Prudent Creature cheat in vain ? }  
 Can Dirt bespatter Rich, tho' open Vice ? }  
 Or is there Vice, a Golden Chain the Price ? }  
 See, how the Swans bask on the Silver Thames, }  
 Pleas'd, and diverted, with it o'er them rains : }  
 For well they know, that not one Drop remains. }  
 So prosperous Vice, when it expands its Wings, }  
 Finds all the Praise, and none the Satire sings. }

Nor let the Cause, tho' Black, affect thy Trade :  
 Not that for Thee, Thou for the Cause wast made.  
 Nor Scruple, tho' a Malefactor Fee ;  
 Look at the Gift, and not the Giver He.  
 If at one time contending Fools you find,  
 One Hand before should be, and One behind.  
 Useful this Rule has been to not a few :  
 For why did Nature otherwise give Two ? }  
 { thy greater Merit should Calcine, }  
 And make Thy Adversaries Client Thine, }  
 Barter a Term. But firstly secure the Coin. }  
 Fools only Do for nothing : Acts of Grace }  
 Are such as bear the Angel in the Face : }  
 Leave pauper Causes to the pauper Race. }

Draw Widdows into Bonds, and Lend to Heirs;

*Thine* all the Gain, and all the Torment theirs.

But when their Credit lets, and Pockets fail,

Lend not a Groat; altho' to send to Jail.

Can Charity within the Contest come,

Which, as the Proverb says, begins at home?

No! Let both Heir, and Widdow starve e'er trust,

To what thy least Advantage finds unjust.

Next, To pursue where Interest shows the way,

A pair of Bull-Dog Bailiffs hold in Pay:

Bear-Garden Curs less Profit yeild than they.

With their Encroachments those will bleach thee,

And turn, without a Miracle Divine,

Thy ill corrected Water into Wine.

This Trick the Punies of the Trade have found,

Worth more than half the rest by many a Pound.

When something of a Glorious Villains part,

Has glar'd, and almost made th' Attorney start;

These, with reproachful Impudence, have dar'd,

And neither Court, nor Sanctuary spar'd.

For pay them well, (and well they will be paid)

The Rogues would Property it self invade.

Attaque St. Stevens, or Arrest a Lord

Just sweating from the House, or Council Board.

No Matter what, or whether there be Crime

Gold is the *Primum Mob* of their Design.

For Gold they'll neither Friend, nor Virtue spare.

Heav'n, were it in their Thoughts, would scarce have half the

S——— or F——— will there Compassion show ;  
 Which Honest Men had never Luck to know.  
 Besides your Rigours only change their Tool ;  
 And while you prove the Villain, take the Fool :  
 Thus Bull-Doggs flesh, altho' they kill the Beast,  
 Are by their Masters guarded and carest.

Have These ; and with a true Attorney back'd,  
 What daggled Barrister, but S———, e'er lack'd ?  
 H——— might keep his Coach, as well as Miss ;  
 And S——— buy his borrow'd Rooms by Thise  
 C———; everard with These, would keep his Word,  
 And take his Untill'd Spouse to Bed and Board.  
 Nor let his Faith, to Legal Strumpet giv'n,  
 Postpone the Troth, He made to Spouse and Heavn.

But these all Venial Peccadillo's are ;  
 ( For none that know the Law can ever err )  
 Mind Thou, my Son, the weightier Maxims near'd  
 And since Wise Nature has to All assign'd,  
 A Precept of Continuance of kind ;  
 Take Care, the Bounteous Law may never want  
 A Race, that may the Dying Race supplant.  
 Survey her Works. The Fly, that Yearly Dies,  
 Takes Care to leave a Nest for Future Flies.  
 The Winter past, rawn from their Holes they creep ;  
 But soon arrive in every Dish to sip.

The

The *Phenix*, if the parallel may bear,  
 And bear it will in its preserving care,  
 Prepares near Death her *Aromatick* Urn,  
 Sure, tho' unseen, her Offspring will return.  
 The *Phenix* Thou, tho' not alike confin'd,  
 Like Insects rather, multiply thy kind,  
 That future Times, without Law phrase, may say;  
 Behold ! a *Locust* Cloud, that darkens Day.

O Royal *MISTRIS* ! *Europe's* last Relief !  
*France* brought to Reason, do not slight our Grief.  
 The *Locust* Race already glooms the Land :  
 But, their Encrease is Fate at nearest hand.  
 Lott'ries Expung'd ; O, make the Law Replete ;  
 As much a Lottery, and more a Cheat.  
 To Pristine Use let it keep Knaves in awe,  
 But let not Knaves brood Knavery by Law.  
*Weavers*, a Nusance grown, had Publick Care,  
 No Prov'd Exorbitance, no bubbled Heir,  
 Twas fear'd Encrease of Poverty and Need,  
 Caus'd the Wise Stare to Circumscribe the Breed.

This may in part, and but in part, Relieve ;  
 Where the hard Text's too strong for sence to cleave.  
 Puzzled with *Glosses* of a *Runick* Style,  
 And distant every one at least a Mile.  
 Thence, tho' the *publick* Good were first design'd,  
 The publick Evil in effect we find :  
 While three in four leave what was meant behind.

But where both *Judge*, and *Jury* are i' th' *Dark*;  
 The Mischief's too invidious to remark,  
 But THY sage *Brain*, by its known *Guardian* led,  
 Will find a means to purge this monstrous **Head** ;  
 VVhose Tumour robs so fast each famish'd part,  
 Scarce juice enough Remains to feed the **Heart**,

Take *Pity* then, thy own **BRITANIA** prays,  
 And Give THY harrass'd People some *Redress*.  
 Then *Deathless Annals* shall THY Glory stand,  
 And tell, how more than **ALL THOU** sav'dst the Land.  
 While future *Ages* will preserve *Entire*  
 A *CODE* that **ALL** shall *Follow* or *Admire*.

Now, like *Phœbus*? O, make the *Law* *Replete* !

As *unlike* *Thyself*, and more a *Character*  
 To *Hilary* *Ug* *set* *in* *Rock* *Knave* *by* *Thy* .  
*Thine* *not* *Thine* *Knave* *Blood* *Knavery* *by* *Thy* .  
*Thine* *not* *Thine* *Blows* *had* *Publick* *Care* .  
*Thine* *not* *Thine* *Heir* *on* *Pupp'd* *Heir* .  
*Thine* *not* *Thine* *Power* *of* *Boats* *and* *Men* .  
*Thine* *not* *Thine* *Wife* *since* *to* *Conquer* *the* *Bleed* .

## FINIS

And *gives* *her* *all* *she* *wants* *of* *a* *Wife* .  
 And *gives* *her* *one* *such* *Wife* .  
 } *And* *gives* *her* *the* *best* *Gift* *she* *ever* *had* .  
 } *The* *best* *Gift* *she* *ever* *had* :  
 } *Wife* *is* *now* *to* *have* *what* *was* *meant* *beginning* .